ALAN MARTIN RUFUS DAYGLO

TANK GIRL

BAD WIND RISING

TITAN
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TANK GIRL BAD WIND RISING

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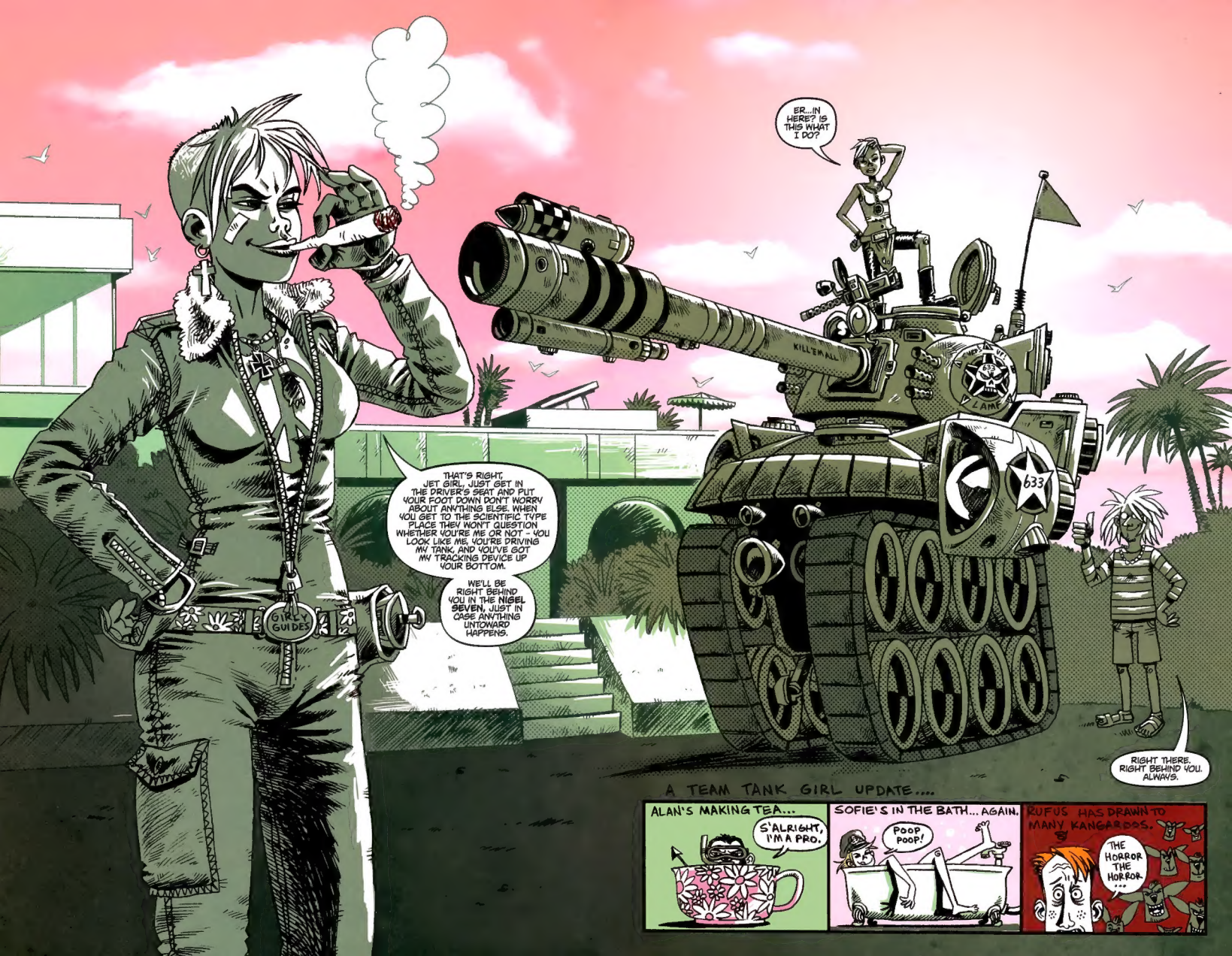
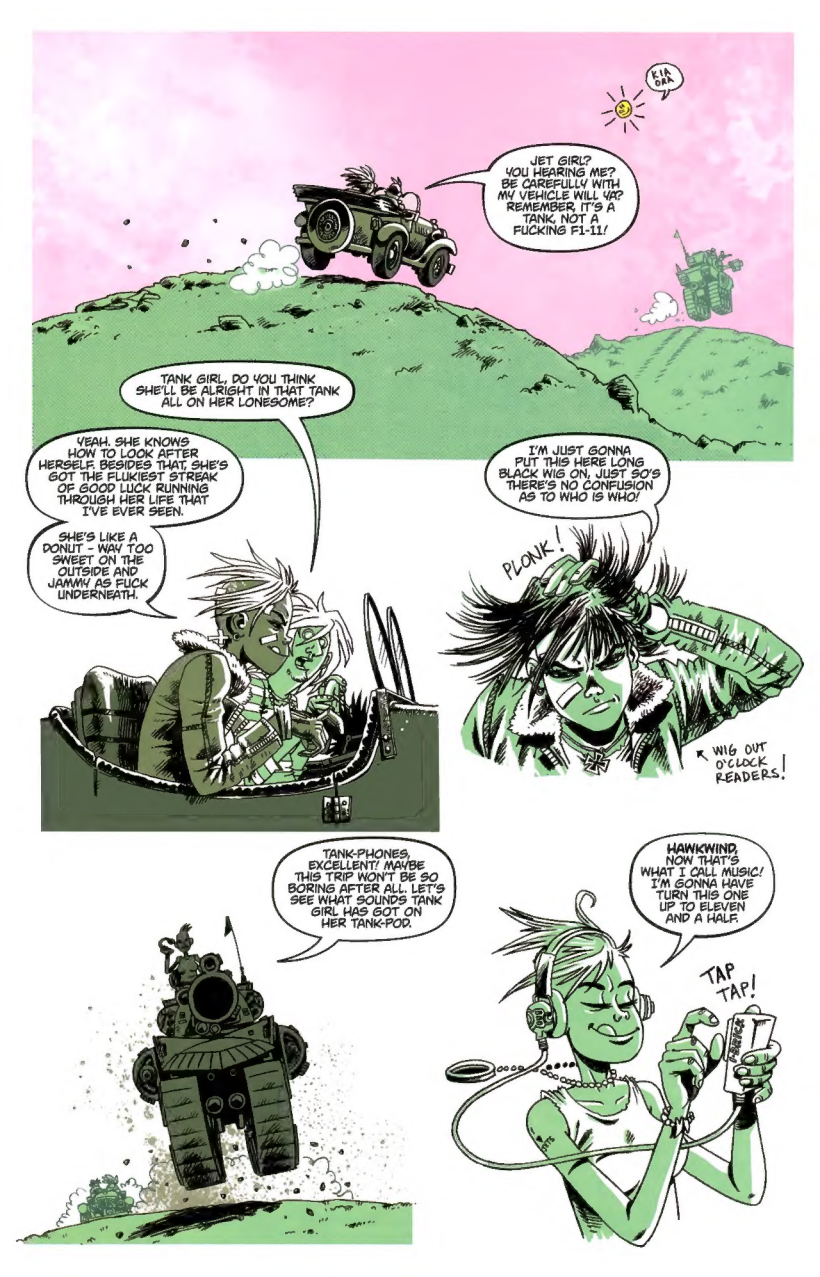
OKAY SQUAD, ON THE COUNT OF THREE, TURN CUNTY BOY HERE INTO A COLANDER.
GULP!
COLANDERIZE HIM!
THREE!
TWO!
OH SHIT! THIS IS REALLY IT! NOTHING CAN SAVE ME NOW!
GULP!

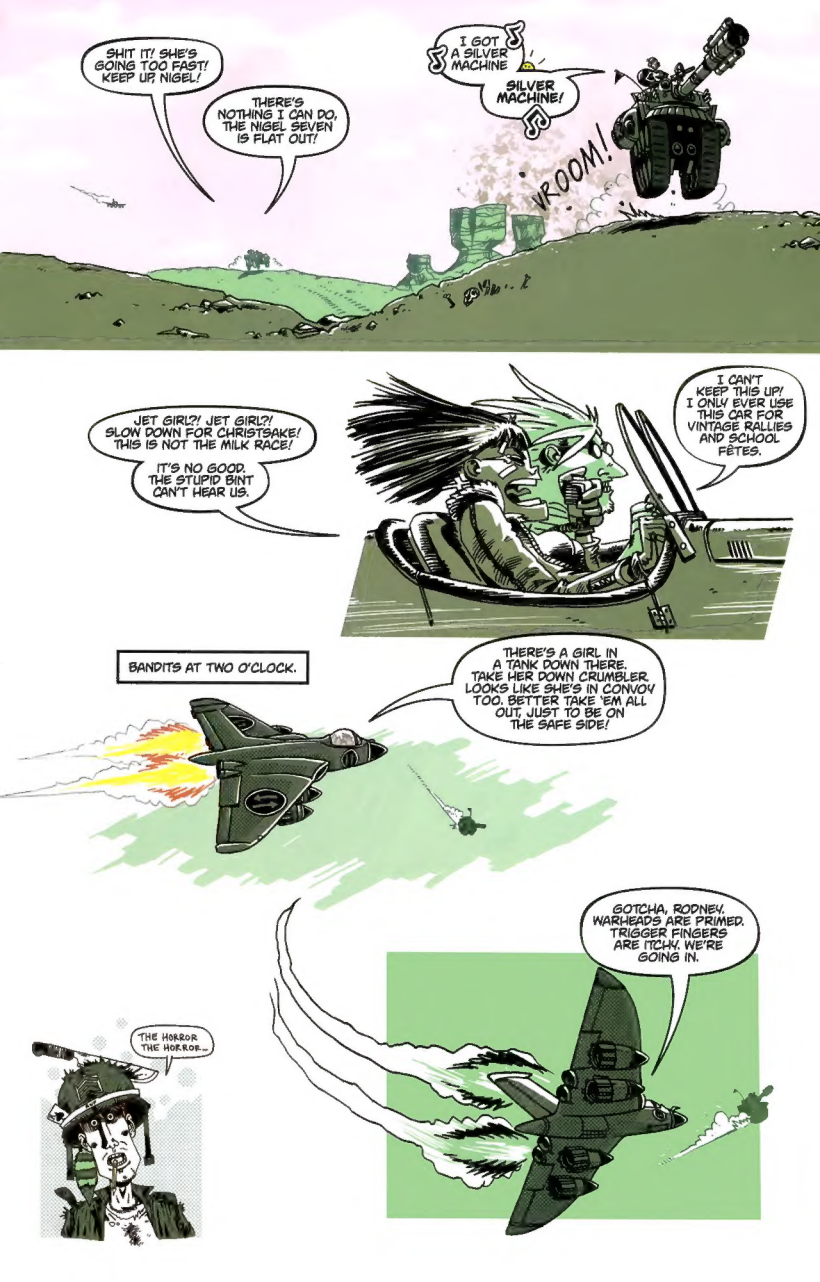
TANK GIRL
BADWIND RISING
PART THREE
BURY MY KNEE AT WOUNDED HEART
BUGGER ME!
FIRST I GET TRAPPED IN A POST OFFICE, THEN I CAUSE AN EARTHQUAKE AND DESTROY MY RELATIONSHIP WITH TANK GIRL, THEN I ACCIDENTALLY STEAL A LOAD OF PANTIES, THEN I GET ABDUCTED AND PUT IN FRONT OF A FIRING SQUAD WHO PROCEED TO SHOOT EACH OTHER!
I MAY BE WRONG, BUT I'M BEGINNING TO SENSE THAT SOMETHING A TINY BIT WEIRD IS GOING ON!
ONE!
CRACKER JACKER
TACKER SMACKER
THIS ONE FOR MR P.J. BOND
SCRIPT - ALAN "SID JAMES MASK" MARTIN
ART - RUFUS "SOLID GOLD DEATH MASK" GRIFFORD
COLOURS - SOFIE "THE TROPHY" DODGSON
SOUNDTRACK - "EVERYTHING AND MORE" BY DOLLY MIXTURE
STUNT CO-ORDINATOR - MATT HELM

WHAT THE FUCK JUST HAPPENED HERE?
THERE'S NO TIME TO EXPLAIN RIGHT NOW. WE'D BETTER GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE BEFORE SOMEONE STARTS TO MISS THIS BUNCH OF STIFFS.
ZIP!
HEY, I KNOW YOU...YOU'RE THE BARMAN FROM THAT PLACE...
...THAT PLACE WHERE I BROKE UP WITH TANK GIRL...
JUST ONE OF MY MANY GUISES. I'M AGENT 23, SANCHRONICITY ENGINEER.
PICK A GUN - ANY GUN. WE ARE LEAVING.
CUT
WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS? WHAT INTEREST DO YOU HAVE IN ME?
I AM UNDER STRICT INSTRUCTION TO OBSERVE AND PROTECT BOTH YOU AND YOUR PARTNER TANK GIRL.
AND NOW, SINCE THE FACADE OF MY IDENTITY HAS BEEN BREACHED, I AM ON CODE FIVE ALERT - IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT I TAKE YOU BACK TO HEADQUARTERS IMMEDIATELY.

13
IT'S CLEAR. LET'S GET MOVING!
IF YOU CAN GET ME OUT OF THIS HIDEOUS KANGAROO ABATTOIR, I'LL FOLLOW YOU ALL THE WAY TO HELL!
I'M MOVING, MOVING, MOVING!
JOG, JOG!
AT THE THROBBING HEART OF THE STINKING MARSUPIAL MOD EMPIRE -
STIFFY, I'VE JUST RECEIVED A REPORT FROM SECTION TWO. THE FIRING SQUAD ARE ALL DEAD AND THE KANGAROO KNOWN AS BOOGA IS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN!
FUCKING BUTTOCKS!
MOBILIZE ALL PERSONNEL! SEAL OFF ALL ENTRANCES! UNLEASH PACKS OF WILD RABID DOGS! SET FIRE TO RIVERS OF PETROL!
AND BRING ME MY ANTIQUE SURGEON'S KIT; I INTEND TO FINISH THIS JOB PERSONALLY.
I'VE RUN OUT OF BISCUITS


ER...IN HERE? IS THIS WHAT I DO?
THAT'S RIGHT, JET GIRL. JUST GET IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT AND PUT YOUR FOOT DOWN DON'T WORRY ABOUT ANYTHING ELSE. WHEN YOU GET TO THE SCIENTIFIC TYPE PLACE THEY WON'T QUESTION WHETHER YOU'RE ME OR NOT - YOU LOOK LIKE ME, YOU'RE DRIVING MY TANK, AND YOU'VE GOT MY TRACKING DEVICE UP YOUR BOTTOM.
WE'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU IN THE NIGEL SEVEN, JUST IN CASE ANYTHING UNTOWARD HAPPENS.
GIRLY GUIDES
KILL'EM ALL
633
RIGHT THERE. RIGHT BEHIND YOU. ALWAYS.
A TEAM TANK GIRL UPDATE....
ALAN'S MAKING TEA...
S'ALRIGHT, I'M A PRO.
SOFIE'S IN THE BATH... AGAIN.
POOP POOP!
RUFUS HAS DRAWN TO MANY KANGAROOS.
THE HORROR THE HORROR...


KIA ORA
JET GIRL? YOU HEARING ME? BE CAREFULLY WITH MY VEHICLE WILL YA? REMEMBER, IT'S A TANK, NOT A FUCKING F1-11!
TANK GIRL, DO YOU THINK SHE'LL BE ALRIGHT IN THAT TANK ALL ON HER LONESOME?
YEAH. SHE KNOWS HOW TO LOOK AFTER HERSELF. BESIDES THAT, SHE'S GOT THE FLUKIEST STREAK OF GOOD LUCK RUNNING THROUGH HER LIFE THAT I'VE EVER SEEN.
SHE'S LIKE A DONUT - WAY TOO SWEET ON THE OUTSIDE AND JAMMY AS FUCK UNDERNEATH.
I'M JUST GONNA PUT THIS HERE LONG BLACK WIG ON, JUST SO'S THERE'S NO CONFUSION AS TO WHO IS WHO!
PLONK!
WIG OUT O'CLOCK READERS!
TANK-PHONES, EXCELLENT! MAYBE THIS TRIP WON'T BE SO BORING AFTER ALL. LET'S SEE WHAT SOUNDS TANK GIRL HAS GOT ON HER TANK-POD.
HAWKWIND, NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC! I'M GONNA HAVE TURN THIS ONE UP TO ELEVEN AND A HALF.
TAP TAP!


SHIT IT! SHE'S GOING TOO FAST! KEEP UP, NIGEL!
THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO, THE NIGEL SEVEN IS FLAT OUT!
I GOT A SILVER MACHINE
SILVER MACHINE!
VROOM!
JET GIRL?! JET GIRL?! SLOW DOWN FOR CHRISTSAKE! THIS IS NOT THE MILK RACE!
IT'S NO GOOD. THE STUPID BINT CAN'T HEAR US.
I CAN'T KEEP THIS UP! I ONLY EVER USE THIS CAR FOR VINTAGE RALLIES AND SCHOOL FÊTES.
BANDITS AT TWO O'CLOCK.
THERE'S A GIRL IN A TANK DOWN THERE. TAKE HER DOWN CRUMBLER. LOOKS LIKE SHE'S IN CONVOY TOO. BETTER TAKE 'EM ALL OUT. JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE!
GOTCHA, RODNEY. WARHEADS ARE PRIMED. TRIGGER FINGERS ARE ITCHY. WE'RE GOING IN.
THE HORROR THE HORROR...

DID YOU SEE THAT MAN RUNNING THROUGH THE STREETS TODAY?
DID YOU CATCH HIS FACE, WAS IT 105938?
ARSEHOLES. MISSED. I'M BRINGING HER ROUND AGAIN.
MOSES ON A MICRO-SCOOTER!
WHO THE FUCKING NORAH WAS THAT?!
BOOMSHANKA!!

BIG BOLLOCKS.
OH DEAR.
NOTHING'S EVER STRAIGHT FORWARD, IS IT?
THUNK!
WAAAHHHH!!
FRATTA TATTA CLATTA BATTA!!
OWWWCHY!!
NOTE – THIS FULFILS OUR PROMISED QUOTA OF AT LEAST ONE PERSON GETTING SHOT IN THE BOLLOCKS IN EACH EPISODE OF THE STORY. IN THIS ISSUE, HOWEVER, WE HAVE A LITTLE BONUS FOR YOU LATER ON!

MINCE!
TOSSERS!
MUNCH!
GORDON BENNET!
UHH...
THERE GOES JET GIRL. AND THERE GOES MY TANK. I GUESS I WON'T BE SEEING EITHER OF THEM AGAIN FOR A FEW MONTHS.
HEADS UP. THE FUCKERS ARE COMING BACK FOR ANOTHER RUN. WE'VE GOT TO FIND SOME COVER!
WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF A BLOODY DESERT. WHERE DO YOU SUGGEST WE HIDE? UP EACH OTHER'S ARSES?
OKAY, WE'RE GOING IN HARD AND FAST. I WANT THOSE BASTARDS CHAR-GRILLED AND GARNISHED, READY TO BE SERVED UP TO STIFFY AT TEA TIME!
HUH? WHERE THE FUCK HAVE THEY GONE?!
?

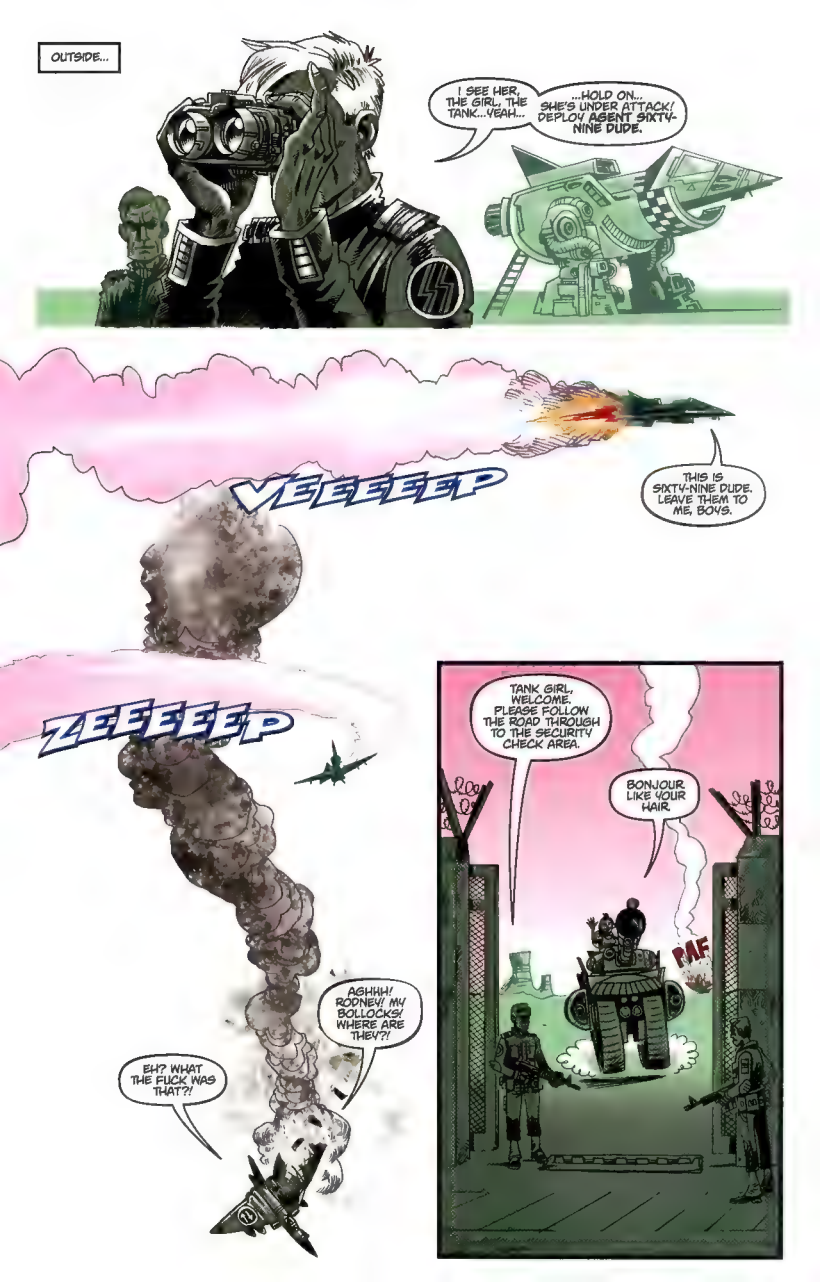
FUCK 'EM, WE'LL COME BACK AND FINISH THEM OFF LATER. C'MON, LET'S GO NAIL THE GIRL IN THE TANK.
NIGEL? WHERE ARE YOU? I CAN'T SEE A GODDAMNED THING.
WHAT THE SHITTING HECK HAPPENED? I THOUGHT OUR GOOSE WAS FRIED FOR A MOMENT THERE. THAT BOMBER WAS NOT GONNA LET US GET AWAY.
SO WHERE ARE WE? HOW THE FUCK DID WE GET HERE?
AND CAN YOU SMELL GASOLINE?
YEAH. OH DEAR, TANK GIRL, I'VE GOT A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS.
SEE LAND BEST PANEL EVER!
FUCKAROUND!
WAKE UP!
WOOOOOUFF

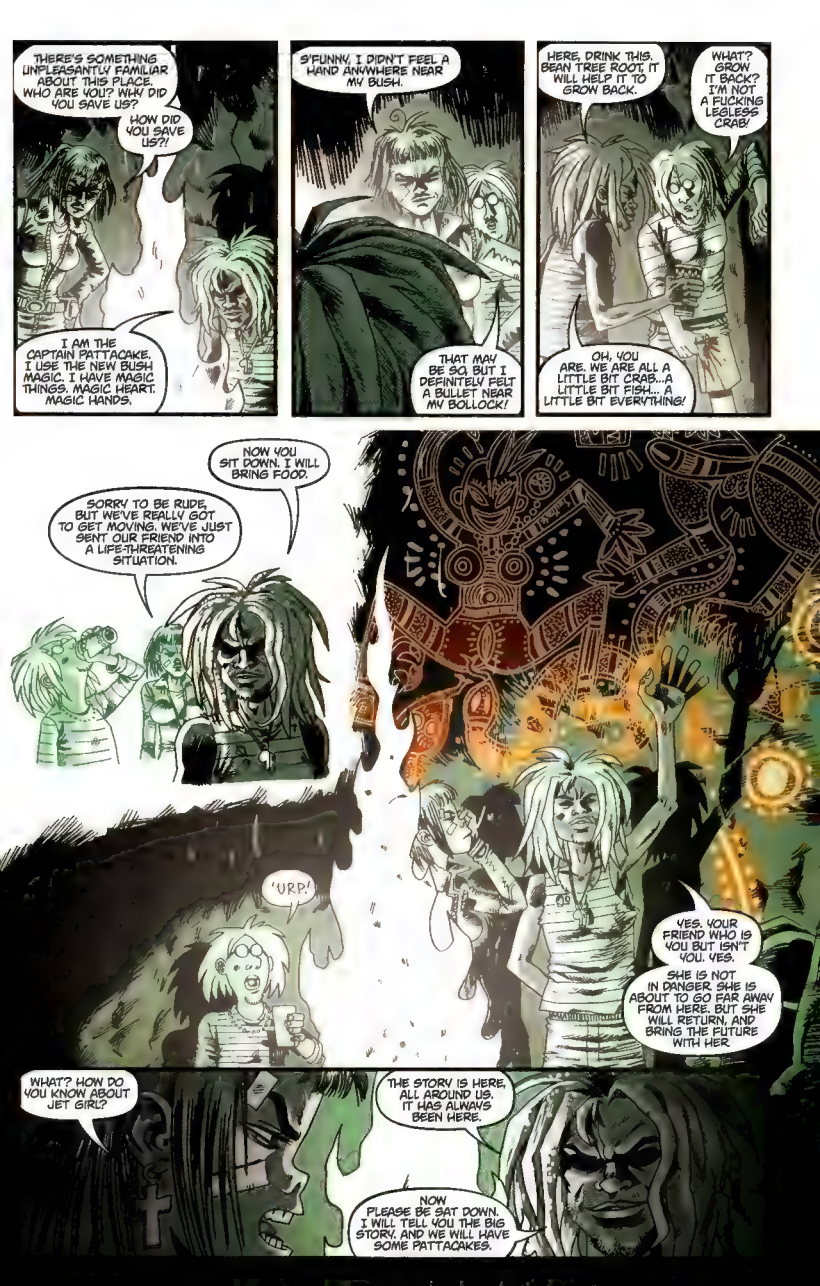
BOOGA, OVER THERE. I'VE SPOTTED OUR ESCAPE!
FUCKING MAGIC!
WOW, AGENT TWENTY-THREE, THIS IS JUST LIKE HANGING OUT WITH A REAL SECRET AGENT...
...LIKE PATRICK MAGOO OR JAMES BONGO.
THOSE BASTARDS HAVE TAKEN MY MICROLITE. HAVE WE GOT ANYTHING LEFT IN THE GARAGE THAT CAN FLY?
ONLY LITTLE JELLY, OUR VERY UNSTABLE MINICOPTER.
WHEEL THE FUCKER OUT, WE'VE GOT TO GET AFTER THEM!
COOL. ACCORDING TO TANK GIRL'S SAVNAT THING, I'VE ONLY GOT ANOTHER MILE TO GO BEFORE I REACH COUNTRY BOLLOCKS!
AND NOW... TO DELIVER THE KILLER BLOW!.
CHIKKA CHUKKA CHAKKA
I'M GETTING A STRONG SIGNAL, DR. POUSSIN, SHE'S COMING THROUGH LOUD AND CLEAR.
SHOULD BE HERE WITHIN A TWO MINUTES.
EXCELLENT NEWS, DR. GONCH. SEND OUT A TEAM OF AGENTS TO RECEIVE HER.
I AM THE WALNUT. COO-COO CASHEW.
THIS MAY WELL BE OUR ABBEY ROAD MOMENT.

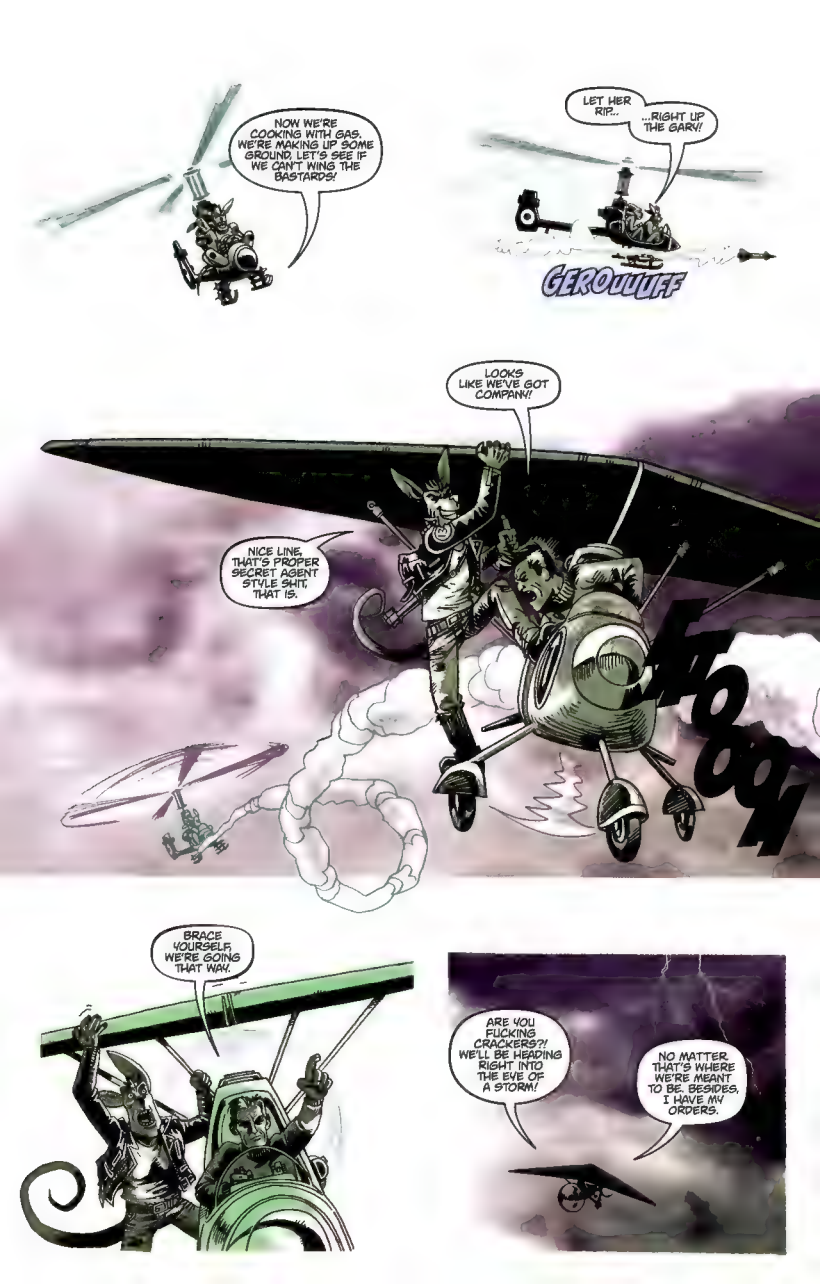
ALAN MARTIN RUFUS DAYGLO

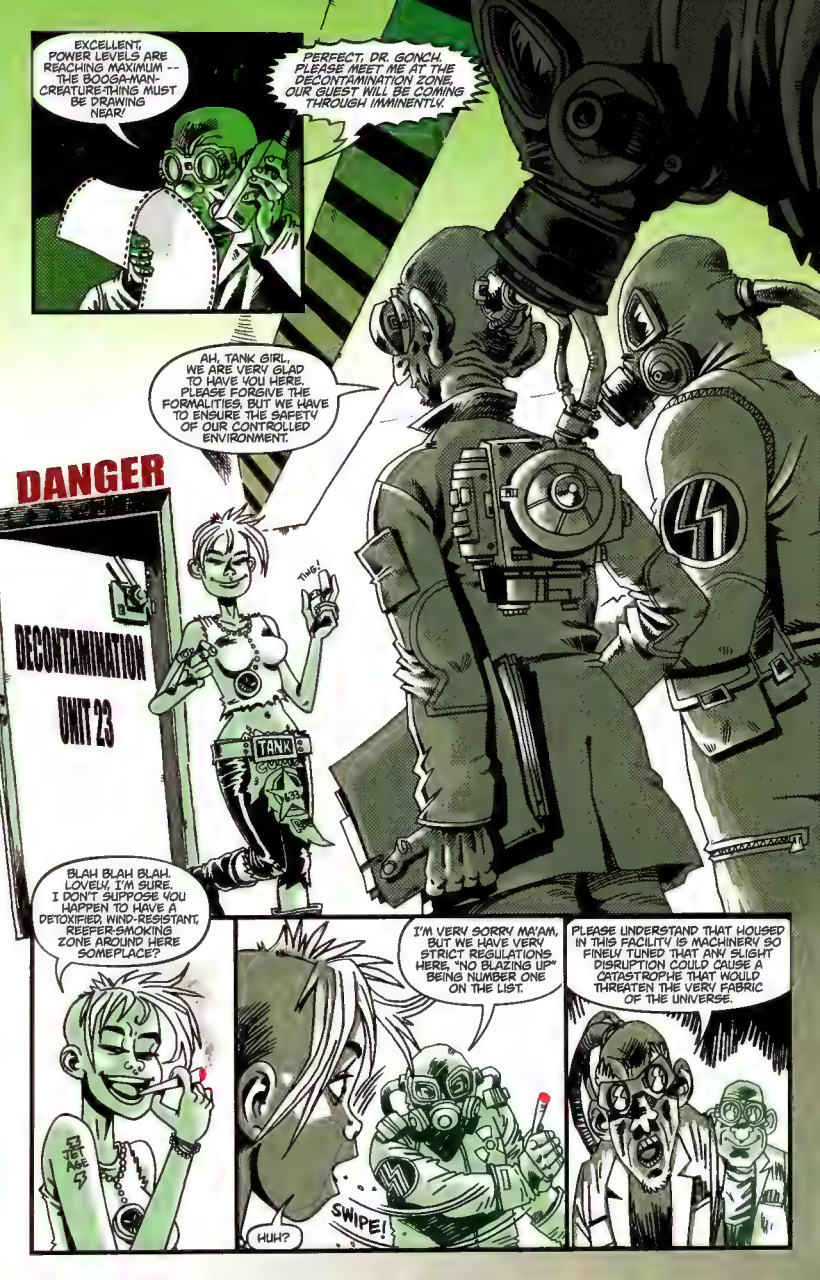
TANK GIRL

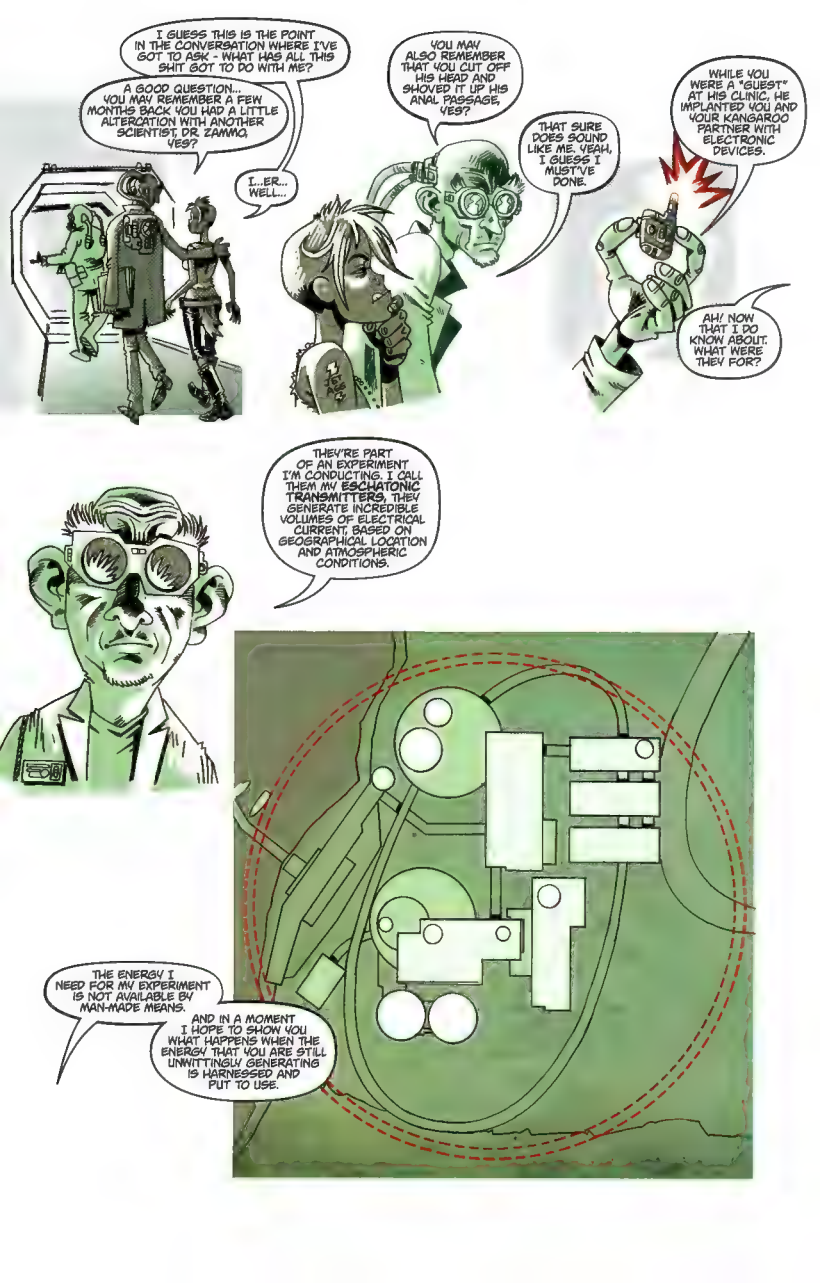
BAD WIND RISING

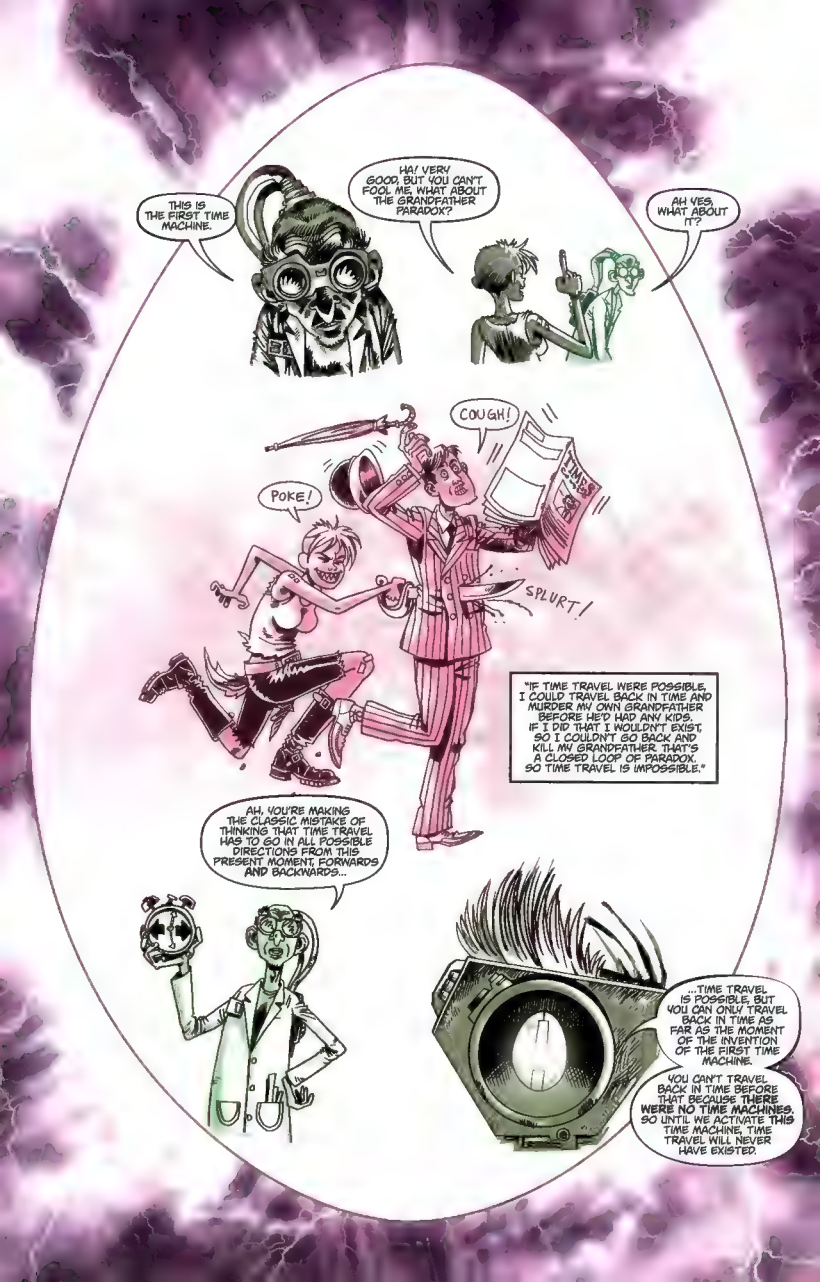

OUTSIDE...
I SEE HER, THE GIRL, THE TANK...YEAH...
...HOLD ON... SHE'S UNDER ATTACK! DEPLOY AGENT SIXTY-NINE DUDE.
VEEEEEP
THIS IS SIXTY-NINE DUDE. LEAVE THEM TO ME, BOYS.
ZEEEEEP
AGHHH! RODNEY! MY BOLLOCKS! WHERE ARE THEY?!
EH? WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?!
TANK GIRL, WELCOME. PLEASE FOLLOW THE ROAD THROUGH TO THE SECURITY CHECK AREA.
BONJOUR LIKE YOUR HAIR.
PAF


THERE'S SOMETHING UNPLEASANTLY FAMILIAR ABOUT THIS PLACE. WHO ARE YOU? WHY DID YOU SAVE US?
HOW DID YOU SAVE US?!
I AM THE CAPTAIN PATTACAKE. I USE THE NEW BUSH MAGIC. I HAVE MAGIC THINGS. MAGIC HEART. MAGIC HANDS.
S'FUNNY, I DIDN'T FEEL A WAND ANYWHERE NEAR MY BUSH.
THAT MAY BE SO, BUT I DEFINITELY FELT A BULLET NEAR MY BOLLOCK!
HERE. DRINK THIS. BEAN TREE ROOT. IT WILL HELP IT TO GROW BACK.
WHAT? GROW IT BACK? I'M NOT A FUCKING LEGLESS CRAB!
OH, YOU ARE. WE ARE ALL A LITTLE BIT CRAB...A LITTLE BIT FISH... A LITTLE BIT EVERYTHING!
NOW YOU SIT DOWN. I WILL BRING FOOD.
SORRY TO BE RUDE, BUT WE'VE REALLY GOT TO GET MOVING. WE'VE JUST SENT OUR FRIEND INTO A LIFE-THREATENING SITUATION.
'URP!
YES. YOUR FRIEND WHO IS YOU BUT ISN'T YOU. YES.
SHE IS NOT IN DANGER. SHE IS ABOUT TO GO FAR AWAY FROM HERE. BUT SHE WILL RETURN, AND BRING THE FUTURE WITH HER.
WHAT? HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT JET GIRL?
THE STORY IS HERE. ALL AROUND US. IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN HERE.
NOW PLEASE BE SAT DOWN. I WILL TELL YOU THE BIG STORY, AND WE WILL HAVE SOME PATTACAKES.


NOW WE'RE COOKING WITH GAS. WE'RE MAKING UP SOME GROUND, LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T WING THE BASTARDS!
LET HER RIP!..
...RIGHT UP THE BARV!
GEROUUUFF
LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT COMPANY!
NICE LINE, THAT'S PROPER SECRET AGENT STYLE SHIT, THAT IS.
BRACE YOURSELF, WE'RE GOING THAT WAY.
ARE YOU FUCKING CRACKERS?! WE'LL BE HEADING RIGHT INTO THE EYE OF A STORM!
NO MATTER. THAT'S WHERE WE'RE MEANT TO BE. BESIDES, I HAVE MY ORDERS.

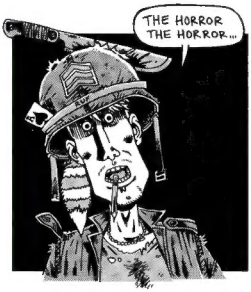

EXCELLENT, POWER LEVELS ARE REACHING MAXIMUM -- THE BOOGA-MAN-CREATURE-THING MUST BE DRAWING NEAR!
PERFECT, DR. GONCH. PLEASE MEET ME AT THE DECONTAMINATION ZONE. OUR GUEST WILL BE COMING THROUGH IMMINENTLY.
AH, TANK GIRL, WE ARE VERY GLAD TO HAVE YOU HERE. PLEASE FORGIVE THE FORMALITIES, BUT WE HAVE TO ENSURE THE SAFETY OF OUR CONTROLLED ENVIRONMENT.
DANGER
DECONTAMINATION UNIT 23
THG!
TANK
BLAH BLAH BLAH. LOVELY, I'M SURE. I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE A DETOXIFIED, WIND-RESISTANT, REEFER-SMOKING ZONE AROUND HERE SOMEPLACE?
I'M VERY SORRY MA'AM, BUT WE HAVE VERY STRICT REGULATIONS HERE. "NO BLAZING UP" BEING NUMBER ONE ON THE LIST.
HUH?
SWIPE!
PLEASE UNDERSTAND THAT HOUSED IN THIS FACILITY IS MACHINERY SO FINELY TUNED THAT ANY SLIGHT DISRUPTION COULD CAUSE A CATASTROPHE THAT WOULD THREATEN THE VERY FABRIC OF THE UNIVERSE.


I GUESS THIS IS THE POINT IN THE CONVERSATION WHERE I'VE GOT TO ASK - WHAT HAS ALL THIS SHIT GOT TO DO WITH ME?
A GOOD QUESTION... YOU MAY REMEMBER A FEW MONTHS BACK YOU HAD A LITTLE ALTERCATION WITH ANOTHER SCIENTIST, DR. ZAMMO, YES?
I...ER... WELL...
YOU MAY ALSO REMEMBER THAT YOU CUT OFF HIS HEAD AND SHOVED IT UP HIS ANAL PASSAGE, YES?
THAT SURE DOES SOUND LIKE ME. YEAH, I GUESS I MUST'VE DONE.
WHILE YOU WERE A "GUEST" AT HIS CLINIC, HE IMPLANTED YOU AND YOUR KANGAROO PARTNER WITH ELECTRONIC DEVICES.
AH! NOW THAT I DO KNOW ABOUT. WHAT WERE THEY FOR?
THEY'RE PART OF AN EXPERIMENT I'M CONDUCTING. I CALL THEM MY ESCHATONIC TRANSMITTERS, THEY GENERATE INCREDIBLE VOLUMES OF ELECTRICAL CURRENT, BASED ON GEOGRAPHICAL LOCATION AND ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS.
THE ENERGY I NEED FOR MY EXPERIMENT IS NOT AVAILABLE BY MAN-MADE MEANS.
AND IN A MOMENT I HOPE TO SHOW YOU WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE ENERGY THAT YOU ARE STILL UNWITTINGLY GENERATING IS HARNESSED AND PUT TO USE.


THIS IS THE FIRST TIME MACHINE.
HA! VERY GOOD, BUT YOU CAN'T FOOL ME, WHAT ABOUT THE GRANDFATHER PARADOX?
AH YES, WHAT ABOUT IT?
COUGH!
POKE!
SPLURT!
"IF TIME TRAVEL WERE POSSIBLE, I COULD TRAVEL BACK IN TIME AND MURDER MY OWN GRANDFATHER BEFORE HE'D HAD ANY KIDS. IF I DID THAT I WOULDN'T EXIST, SO I COULDN'T GO BACK AND KILL MY GRANDFATHER. THAT'S A CLOSED LOOP OF PARADOX. SO TIME TRAVEL IS IMPOSSIBLE."
AH, YOU'RE MAKING THE CLASSIC MISTAKE OF THINKING THAT TIME TRAVEL HAS TO GO IN ALL POSSIBLE DIRECTIONS FROM THIS PRESENT MOMENT, FORWARDS AND BACKWARDS...
...TIME TRAVEL IS POSSIBLE, BUT YOU CAN ONLY TRAVEL BACK IN TIME AS FAR AS THE MOMENT OF THE INVENTION OF THE FIRST TIME MACHINE.
YOU CAN'T TRAVEL BACK IN TIME BEFORE THAT BECAUSE THERE WERE NO TIME MACHINES. SO UNTIL WE ACTIVATE THIS TIME MACHINE, TIME TRAVEL WILL NEVER HAVE EXISTED.

FUCK.
EXACTLY!
THANK YOU FOR YOUR PATIENCE, FRIENDS. AND NOW, LET ME REVEAL TO YOU -
THE END OF TIME!!
AH...OH MY GOD...RODNEY... THEY'VE BLOWN MY BOLLOCK OFF!
NEVER MIND YOUR BOLLOCKS, HERE'S MY FUCKING KNEE!
WE'RE NEVER GONNA MAKE IT! THIS IS ABSOLUTE TITTING MADNESS!
HOLD ON TIGHT, BOOGA, STIFFEN YOUR RESOLVE, WE'RE NEARLY HOME!
SO, THE QUESTION REMAINS - WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE THE WORLD'S FIRST TEMPONAUT? THE FIRST HUMAN TO TRAVEL THROUGH TIME?
ER...FUCK YEAH.
STRAP ME IN AND SHOW ME THE BUTTON!
NEXT: REVENGE IS A DISH BEST SERVED WITH KETCHUP

RUFUS' ROUGHS

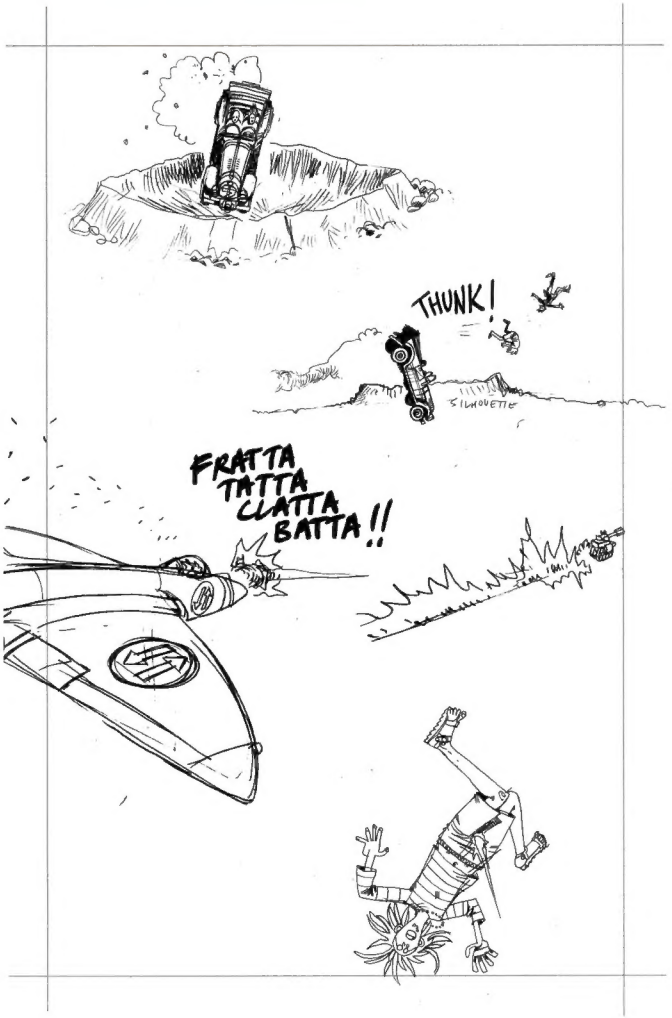


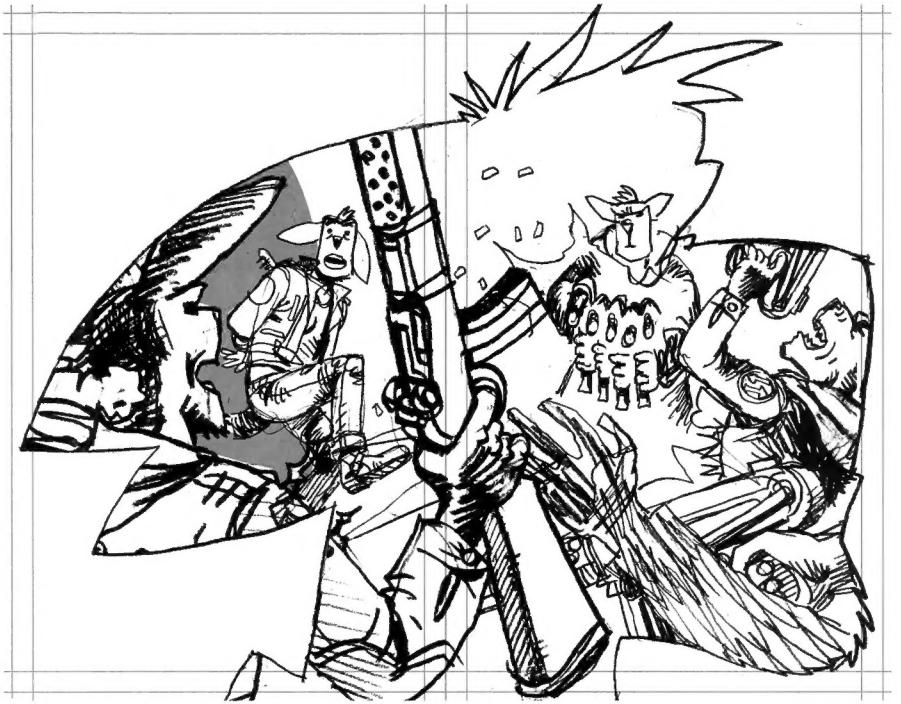
"I've had a few people ask how I go about planning the pages in our Tank Girl books.

Most of my thumbnails are drawn directly on the script, sometimes one or two inches high, but generally pretty small, with a .3 Pentel pencil (90p in a stationary shop, fact fans).

The smallest was pg 10 (The tank splash page) which was drawn about 1/2 an inch in size.

Then I scan them and enlarge them onto a ruled out page in Photoshop, so I can position the panels better for the lettering.

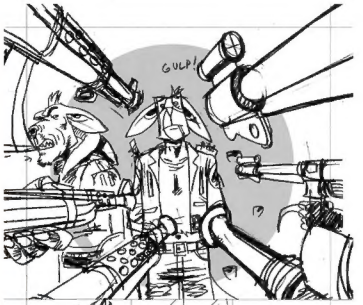




These are then printed out slightly smaller than A3 (that's 11.69" x 16.54" to our American readers), and I tape a piece of paper over the rough, and redraw it properly on my desk/lightboard. This way there's no pencils and inks, just finished pencil art, which is then scanned and repositioned in Pshop (where I also adjust the levels and clean up the art then sent to our lovely colourist to try and make sense of!

This technique probably saves me no time whatsoever, but I like working in pencil right now.

Maybe next week I'll change my mind again!"



TANK GIRL
BAD WIND RISING
TANK
GIRL
#4 ON SALE APRIL 20!